CHICAGO HISTORICAL SOCIETY,

NOVEMBER 10, 1868.

INTRODUCTORY ADDRESS,

BY

HON. J. YOUNG SCAMMON, PRESIDENT;

ADDRESS,

BY

HON ISAAC N. ARNOLD,

GIVING A HISTORY OF THE SOCIETY AND ITS ACQUISITIONS UP TO THAT TIME, WITH INCIDENTS IN THE LIVES OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN AND MARY ANDERSON; ALSO, OF LUTHER HAVEN, GURDON HUBBARD, AND OTHER EARLY SETTLERS OF CHICAGO.

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CHICAGO:
FERGUS PRINTING COMPANY,
24[illegible] S. ILLINOIS STREET.

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INTRODUCTORY NOTE.

By the republication of Mr. Arnold's address, before the Chicago Historical Society, we are reminded of the great loss which the city sustained by the entire destruction of all the valuable collections of that Society. Mr. Arnold is now the President of the Society, and vigorous efforts are being made to revive the Society. It is hoped that a new building will be erected during the present year, and that the Society will again enter upon a career of usefulness, from which it was arrested by the great fire.

Mr. Scammon's Address.

The Society was called to order by Hon. J. Young Scammon, who spoke as follows:

Ladies and Gentlemen: The Chicago Historical Society gratefully rejoices in being able to exhibit to you this fine building, and so much of a great public library. It is only a few years since some gentlemen met together in the upper story of a building on LaSalle Street, when there was scarcely a business house south of us—the one where we met being between Lake and Randolph Streets. They were a few people who were desirous of doing something to found a public library for the City of Chicago. The leading mind, then, was the Rev. William Barry, our first Secretary and Treasurer, who is now in Europe. From that movement has resulted this fine edifice, and so much of the great public library as we now possess.

I am reminded by the fact that, at the last meeting of the Society which I had the pleasure of attending, the death of Mr. William H. Brown, our first President, was announced, and that, on this day, the removal to the spiritual world of the last President who has ever presided over this institution, has been made known through the public press—of the transitory character of individual life. Such events should deeply impress upon the minds of all the necessity that those of us who desire to administer upon our own estates, or labor for this and similar institutions, while we have anything to work with, should at once take hold and do something to endow the public institutions—the great charities which we owe to the City of Chicago and to the State of Illinois, which have made us what we are.

I do not admit that any man who endows the Chicago Historical Society, the University of Chicago, the Academy of Sciences, the Chicago Astronomical Society, or any other of our public institutions, is a *mere donor* to the public good. Every man who has made his fortune, or found his home, his prosperity, or his happiness in this land, owes it to the public, owes it to Chicago, owes it to the State of Illinois, owes it to his duty and

his God, to see that those institutions, which it is our duty now to found, are placed upon a solid basis.

The great want of this institution, at the present time, is pecuniary means. These could be furnished at once if one-quarter of the people of Chicago, who have the ability—an ability gained while living here—would come forward and do their duty.

If one hundred men would follow the example of the thirty who have already become Life Members and paid over three hundred dollars each, we should at once be lifted out of our present embarrassment; and two hundred permanent members would place the Society beyond all want, after our edifice shall have been paid for. We have an example of the danger of a man putting off the carrying out of his intention to endow this institution. Mr. Henry D. Gilpin, of Philadelphia, former Attorney-General of the United States, whose portrait is now before you, a noble man, who had large real estate in Chicago, and an equally great heart, left, by his will, a legacy to this institution. He intended to found, endow, and maintain perpetually, a department of this institution, and there is a provision for it in his will; but legal gentlemen say that it is doubtful whether the laws of Pennsylvania permit his executors to carry out the intention of the testator; and there is danger of losing the legacy.

All that we have, no matter how much we may call our own—all that we have—is *what we possess while we have the power of using it.* We neither own that which we leave behind us, nor that which we can not control. We can only administer the powers we possess while living, whether they are intellectual, mental, or pecuniary. The duty of those who found cities and states belongs to us—to lay the foundation-stones broad and deep.

It is not my desire to address you at any length on this occasion. One of our oldest and most distinguished members has consented to perform this office. It remains for me only to bid you a hearty welcome to our rooms and library, while I request each and all who are present to do the Society the honor to subscribe their names in our Autograph Book, which now lies upon the table before me. I have the honor to introduce to you the Hon. Isaac N. Arnold, who will now address you.

Mr. Arnold's Address.

Mr. President—Members of the Historical Society—Ladies and Gentlemen:

Our meeting this evening is saddened by the intelligence, just received, of the melancholy death, upon the sea, of the President of our Society, Walter L. Newberry.* Intelligence of this mournful event reaches us so late, that we can but announce the fact, and defer to some future occasion the rendition, by the Society, of those honors to his memory, which all feel are so justly due to a citizen so prominent, a man so just, and an associate so useful and efficient.

Chicago in its infancy.

Perhaps there is no more striking illustration of the growth of the Republic than that furnished by the history of Chicago.

On the 10th of May, 1833, thirty-five years ago, the few settlers then residing here organized as a village, and, at the first election of Trustees, there were cast, in all, twenty-eight votes; the highest vote received by any one candidate was twenty-six, given for our late esteemed fellow-citizen, George W. Dole. Four years later, the people of the town asked, and obtained, from the Legislature, a City Charter. The first municipal election occurred in May, 1837; the candidates for Mayor were William B. Ogden and John H. Kinzie, and the whole number of votes cast were 709, of which Mr. Ogden received a small majority. A census of the people showed a population of 4179.

As an illustration of the busy activity of the people, then, as now, a trait so characteristic, I may mention, that the persons taking the census, being required by law to report the occupation of each individual, found but one man in all the town without

* By the death of the only surviving children of Mr. Newberry, one-half of his very large estate (estimated at from three to five or six millions in amount) is left in trust for the establishment and maintenance of a Public Library for Chicago, to be located in the north division of the City.

regular employment, and this one they designated as a "*loafer.*"

Now, that the population of the city is nearly 300,000, it may, perhaps, be doubted, whether the ratio of one to 4000 has not been increased.

ORGANIZATION OF THE HISTORICAL SOCIETY.

Twelve years ago last April, the Historical Society of Chicago was organized. A few gentlemen, at the instance of Dr. William Barry, formed an Association for the purpose of collecting and preserving the memorials of history, and especially of the history of the North-west, and were chartered by the name of "*The Chicago Historical Society.*"

The founders of our city, those who have made its history, many of them still live, and to-day are in the full meridian of their activity and usefulness. Those who founded this Institution are also, most of them, still among us. The first organization was made on the 24th day of April, 1856, and the Society was first composed of the following gentlemen: William H. Brown, William B. Ogden, J. Y. Scammon. M. Brayman, Mark Skinner, Geo. Manierre, John H. Kinzie, J. V. Z. Blaney, E. I. Tinkham, J. D. Webster, Rev. A. Smallwood, Van H. Higgins, N. S. Davis, Chas. H. Ray, S. D. Ward, M. D. Ogden, Dr. F. Scammon, E. B. McCagg, Rev. Dr. Wm. Barry, and I. N. Arnold.

The first officers of the Society were Wm. H. Brown, President; Wm. B. Ogden and J. Y. Scammon, Vice Presidents; S. D. Ward, Treasurer; Rev. Wm. Barry, Recording Secretary and Librarian; and Chas. H. Ray, Corresponding Secretary.

From this beginning, down to the present time, the Society has been small in the number of its members, and with very limited pecuniary means at its disposal; it has pursued its course unostentatiously and quietly, but with an industry and perseverance which have been crowned with very gratifying results.

"ITS TREASURES."

When we look upon this spacious and perfectly fire-proof structure,* which, with the grounds belonging to the Society, cost about $60,000,—these grounds ample for future enlargement; when we enter these walls and examine our treasures, we have reason to be well satisfied. We have of

*This statement was made, of course, before the great fire of 1871 demonstrated its error.

Bound volumes	15,412
Pamphlets	72,104
Files of Newspapers	1,738
Manuscripts	4,689
Maps and Charts	1,200
Cabinet collections	380
Miscellaneous (including prints)	4,682
Making an aggregate of	100,205

gathered in twelve years.

"DOCTOR BARRY."

Of those who were with us in the first organization of the Society all but seven still survive, and many additional names of efficient working members have been added to our list. It is not for me to speak, to-day, of those who have labored so faithfully in gathering these historic and literary treasures. But I may, I think, without being invidious, refer to our first Secretary and Librarian, Dr. Barry, now absent in Europe, who, more than any other one man, was the founder of the Society.

From the first President, W. H. Brown, and his successor, W. L. Newberry, he received always the most efficient and active co-operation.

"HON. WILLIAM H. BROWN, LUTHER HAVEN, AND GEORGE MANIERRE."

Other voices and other pens, in other days, will do justice to those who founded and have fostered this Institution; but it is impossible, on such an occasion as this, to forget those, among the earliest and most active of our members, whose labors are finished, the volume of whose earthly history has been closed. I may mention, among such, William H. Brown, our first President, the early settler, whose able pen powerfully aided in saving our noble State from the curse of Slavery; Luther Haven, the honest man, the faithful friend, the upright public officer, the model American citizen, as true and devoted to this country as ever was the noblest citizen of Rome; George Manierre, the learned lawyer and upright judge, whose judicial character was as pure as that of a Marshall or a Kent.

JOHN H. KINZIE.

Of our late associate, Col. John H. Kinzie, I may speak some-

what more fully; although time will not permit me to attempt doing justice to his very interesting life and character.

No one has been more identified with Chicago, from its first settlement to the day of his death, than he. He was born on the 7th day of July, 1803; his family then residing at Detroit. While an infant he was carried, in an Indian cradle, to the banks of the St. Joseph River, in Michigan.

In 1804, he was brought, by his father, to Chicago, the family arriving on the 4th day of July, and coming in company with Major Whistler, with troops to construct Fort Dearborn. The family took up their residence on the north side of the Chicago River, nearly opposite the Fort, and here he spent his infancy, until the breaking out of the war of 1812. At the time of the Fort Dearborn massacre, which took place in 1812—an event which has been so well described by the graphic pen of the widow of Mr. Kinzie—he was nine years old. The manner in which the family was preserved, amidst the horrors of that massacre, illustrates the gratitude of the Indians for many acts of kindness received from the family. Some Chiefs, knowing what was to be done by their young men, whom they professed to be unable to restrain, guarded the boat in which was Mrs. Kinzie and her children; protected them until the fight was over, and then carefully escorted them in safety to the St. Joseph River. The family went to Detroit, remained there until after its capture by Gen. Harrison, and until 1816, when they returned to their desolate home at Chicago. The bones of the soldiers, murdered by the Indians at the time of the massacre, four years before, were still lying unburied on the prairie near the lake shore, where the troops had been ambushed and killed. The troops who rebuilt Fort Dearborn collected these remains and interred them near the place where Madison Street, if extended, would now intersect the Illinois Central Railroad. The construction of the Chicago harbor caused the waters of the lake to encroach upon the shore, so that the coffins in which these remains were placed were exposed, and it became necessary to inter them in a place of greater security.

In 1818, being then in his sixteenth year, young Kinzie was taken by his father to Mackinaw, to be indentured to the American Fur Company. It was at Mackinaw, during the long isolation of the winter months, that he learned to play the violin, his instructress being a half-breed Indian woman. The early settlers

of Chicago should ever hold in grateful remembrance this Indian woman, for none of them will ever forget the music with which Col. Kinzie enlivened so many of our early social gatherings. In 1824, he was transferred from Mackinaw to Prairie du Chien, and there he learned the language of the Winnebagoes, and compiled, in part, a grammar of their tongue.* Previous to this, on attaining the age of twenty-one, he had visited his parents at Chicago, coasting in a small row-boat the western shore of Lake Michigan all the way from Mackinaw.

Some time before 1826, he received an invitation from Gen. Lewis Cass, then Governor of the Territory of Michigan, to become his Private Secretary. While associated with Gen. Cass, who was ex-officio Superintendent of the Northern Tribes, he was engaged in many treaties and negotiations with the red-men. His influence over them was great, and such was the confidence they placed in his integrity that he was often called by the Chiefs to stand by their side during their "*talks*" with the "*Big Knives*," and to tell them whether what was said was truthfully interpreted. While in the service of General Cass he was sent to Northern Ohio to study the language of the Wyandotte Indians. Such was his familiarity with the Indian dialects that he rapidly learned their language and compiled a grammar of it also. In 1829, he was appointed Indian Agent, and fixed his residence at Fort Winnebago. He married in 1830, and continued to reside for some time with his "red children," by whom he was ever regarded as a kind and watchful "Father."

In 1833, the Kinzie family having established their pre-emption to the quarter section on which the family residence had stood since 1804, Col. Kinzie (such was his title as aid to Gen. Cass) came with Lieut. David Hunter,† who had married his sister, to Chicago, and together they laid out "*Kinzie's Addition.*" In 1834, he came to Chicago with his family to reside. He was the first President of the village, and from that time until his death he held various offices of honor and trust, receiving appointments from Presidents Harrison, Taylor, and Lincoln. He was ever faithful, honest, and upright, and, although his whole life was passed upon the frontier, he was, in morals and manners, the model of a Chris-

*He was adopted by the Winnebagoes, who conferred upon him the name of "*Shaw-nee-au-kee.*"

†Now General Hunter.

tian gentleman. A kinder and more benevolent heart never beat. Chicago may have lost citizens of higher positions, but no one more beloved and cherished, by all who knew him, than John H. Kinzie.

These are among the names, the records of whose lives shall be preserved, not only upon the pages of our Historical Society, but upon the annals of our City and State.

THE NEW LIBRARY ROOM.

I have alluded to our success as a Society, the richness and variety of these treasures of learning, and I congratulate you upon our getting into these new, attractive, quiet, and safe quarters. This, I trust, will be the beginning of a new epoch in the history of our Society, and that, from this time, we shall take a new departure.

When we pass around these alcoves, look over these crowded shelves, and count up our acquisitions, I think we may appeal with some confidence to our fellow-citizens for their aid and countenance in the future.

"THE LIBRARY."

Little more than twelve years have elapsed since our organization; twelve years, the most eventful and important in American history. If we have done nothing else, we may look over our acquisitions, in the shape of materials for contemporaneous history, with the consciousness that in the days to come the historian, who may wish to study the great conflict through which the republic has lately passed, will find the materials upon our shelves to an extent equal, it is believed, with those of any other collection in the land. Our library is believed to be nearly complete in the documents and publications of the United States Government, in every department, from its organization down to the present time. This is, also, true of the Territorial and State Governments of Illinois, including all the laws, journals, and records of every department. We have large collections of the documents of the North-western Territories and States; and especial efforts were made by the late Secretary, Dr. Barry, to collect the session laws and legislative records of all the Colonies, and of all the States and Territories from their first organization down. We have those of Virginia for two hundred years; those of Massachusetts, very nearly complete, from the beginning; those of Pennsylvania and New Jersey for one hundred years; and those of the

Western States, including Ohio, nearly perfect. The value of these, for reference and as exhibiting precedents in legislation and as illustrating the history of the Republic, will be appreciated by all scholars, statesmen, legislators, and historical inquirers.

EARLY HISTORY OF AMERICA.

Very considerable progress has been made in obtaining a complete collection of early American history, running back to the first discoveries and settlements in the sixteenth century, and down to the period of the Revolution.

EARLY HISTORY OF THE WEST.

In the early history of the West—all that is known of Indian tradition and history, the French discoveries, explorations, settlements, and missionary efforts, a history full of romantic interest, wild adventure, and thrilling incident, the English discoveries and settlements, and the war between France and Great Britain, which involved their colonies—our collections are especially rich. We have the narratives of the earliest explorers of the North-west, including, among others, Charlevoix, La Salle, Hennepin, Marquette, with many rare maps and charts of the New World in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries.

THE EARLY FRENCH MISSIONARIES.

There is no more romantic page in American history than that which records the efforts of the French Missionaries and explorers to plant the Lily and the Cross, emblems of France and Christianity, in the West. They dotted the continent from Quebec along the banks of the St. Lawrence to the great lakes, and by Detroit, Mackinaw, Kaskaskia, and St. Louis, to the Gulf of Mexico, with their missionary stations and settlements. In these settlements prevailed an innocent gayety, a purity of manners, and an almost Acadian simplicity, such as Longfellow has scarcely exaggerated in "Evangeline."

The French were superseded by a bolder, hardier, fiercer race, which had its representative men in such as Gen. George Rogers Clarke and Daniel Boone, men of iron frames and of iron wills—fit founders of States and Commonwealths. These early annals of the North-west need but the pen of a Scott, a Cooper, or an Irving to make the Lakes and the Illinois and Mississippi country as attractive in romantic association as these writers have ren-

dered the Highlands of Scotland and the Hudson and Susquehanna of New York.

CANADIAN HISTORY.

The important commercial relations between the North-west and the British Colonies, which border the lakes and the banks of their great outlet, and the early connection between them, have led to important collections of Canadian history, statistics, and topography.

The materials for the history of the North-west, its early explorers, its settlements, its Indian wars, its institutions of education and religion, its politics, the growth and settlements of its towns and cities, its commerce and trade, its vast system of railroads, have been carefully gathered and preserved, and, it is believed, are possessed by our Society in greater fulness and completeness than can be found elsewhere.

MAPS AND CHARTS.

In maps and charts, in manuscripts, in newspapers and pamphlets, we have materials of great value, illustrating, to some extent, every period in American history.

THE REBELLION—NEWSPAPERS AND PAMPHLETS.

But probably the most valuable of the acquisitions of our Society are its large collections of books, pamphlets, newspapers, manuscripts, and maps relating to the Rebellion. Our late ever-vigilant Secretary, Dr. Barry, foreseeing the conflict, had made one of the largest collections of books and pamphlets upon the subject of slavery and the anti-slavery movement in the United States in existence.

When the Rebellion broke out he, in connection with other members of the Society, made comprehensive efforts to secure all that was of value in the contemporaneous history of this great struggle. It is believed that in books, pamphlets, newspapers, letters, and manuscripts, illustrating the war, its causes, its history in the field and in civil life, in its military, financial, and legislative departments, few, if any, collections are more complete than ours.

I need hardly say that, having made this department a specialty during the progress of the conflict, it is of the utmost importance to continue our efforts in this direction until we shall have in our collection everything which can illustrate this most interesting period in American history.

NATIONAL AND STATE PUBLICATIONS.

Our Society has arrangements by which it receives all the publications of the National Government and those of the State of Illinois and several of the other States. We receive all the publications of the Smithsonian Institute and several other scientific institutions, and have established regular exchanges with a large number of learned societies, including most of the State and local historical societies of the country.

I have thus stated, in brief, what the Society has accomplished, and have endeavored to give some idea of its means of usefulness. We have, as you see, ample room in which to place its acquisitions in a position for convenient reference, study, and examination, and in a place of absolute safety.

AN INCIDENT.

As an illustration of the rapid growth of our State, and the rich field of local historical research open before us, permit me to digress long enough to narrate an incident which will, I think, interest you.

Most of you have seen the beautiful and flourishing town of Dixon, on Rock River, named after the venerable man who literally pitched his tent and built his solitary cabin on its site, less than forty years ago.

In 1832, John Dixon kept the ferry across Rock River, and the latch-string of his hospitable home was never drawn in against the stranger. The Black-Hawk War was pending, and settlers and whole families had been killed and scalped upon the prairie. The National Government sent Gen. Scott, with some regular troops, to Chicago, and to these were added some companies of Illinois mounted volunteers, called out by Governor Reynolds, to aid in protecting the settlers and chastising the Indians.

Among the regulars who met on the banks of Rock River, at the crossing then called "Dixon's Ferry," under the immediate command of General Atkinson, were Lieutenant-Colonel Zachary Taylor, subsequently President of the United States; Lieutenant Robert Anderson, the hero of Fort Sumpter; Lieutenant Jefferson Davis, and *Private Abraham Lincoln*, of Captain Iles' company of Illinois Mounted Rangers.* These facts I received from John Dixon, a hale man of more than eighty years, still living.† An-

* See note on page 19. † Now deceased.

derson and Davis were young lieutenants, just from West Point, and Lincoln was a tall and boyish-looking young man of twenty-two. So far as I know, our fellow-citizen, Gurdon S. Hubbard, is the only living citizen of Chicago who was engaged in this expedition against Black-Hawk.

When Major Anderson visited Washington, after his evacuation of Fort Sumpter, he called at the White House to pay his respects to the President. After the Chief Magistrate had expressed his thanks to Anderson for his conduct in South Carolina, Mr. Lincoln said: "Major, do you remember of ever meeting me before?" "No," replied Anderson, "I have no recollection of ever having had that pleasure." "My memory is better than yours," said Lincoln. "You mustered me into the United States service, as a high private of the Illinois volunteers, at Dixon's Ferry, in the Black-Hawk War."

Father Dixon, the ferryman, and guide of the United States forces, and even then well known by the Winnebagoes as "*Nachusa*," or "Whitehead," says that in all the marches, whenever the forces approached a grove or depression, in which an Indian ambush might be concealed, and scouts were sent forward to examine the cover, Lincoln was the first man selected; and he adds that while many, as they approached the place of suspected ambush, found an excuse for dismounting to adjust girths or saddles, Lincoln's saddle was always in perfect order. "*Nachusa*" adds two or three other facts in regard to Lincoln: One was that while the little army was encamped around the Ferry, every evening, when off duty, Lincoln could be found sitting on the grass, with a group of soldiers, eagerly listening to his stories, of which his supply seemed, even at that early day, inexhaustible; and that no one could induce the young volunteer to taste the whiskey which his fellow-soldiers, grateful for the amusement which he afforded them, often pressed upon him.

THE SOCIETY'S FIELD OF USEFULNESS.

Permit me to add some considerations which should secure for this Institution the aid of the public.

Its field of usefulness is not less broad and national than that of any similar institution in the country.

The position of Chicago, as the metropolitan city of the Northwest, is, I suppose, fixed. Its vast railroad system, its lake com-

merce through New York and by the St. Lawrence to the ocean, its connection, by canal, with the great central river of the continent; already the great depot of the staples of an agricultural district continental in its extent; the centre of the products of the forest, the mines, and the fields of the great central regions of the Republic; soon, by means of the Pacific Railroad, to be the great distributor of the products of the old Asiatic world, as it now is of the new, it must of necessity be the great city of the interior, perhaps of the nation.

If Chicago, already so eminent in many things, aspires to become also a literary centre, and to irradiate the great valley of which she is the commercial representative, she must foster with liberal aid and generous appreciation her literary institutions; more, she must encourage and honor men of culture, letters, and science.

Her merchant princes must learn that while it is something to build an elevator, to make a harbor, to open a canal, to construct a railroad, it is also something equally honorable, at least, to found a library, to establish a college, a university, or a school of learning.

No one doubts that our citizens have the bold enterprise, the sleepless activity, the earnestness, and energy which will enable them to make the most of their material advantages, but no wise citizen will be satisfied with this. It is time for Chicago to aim at a generous emulation with her sisters in the arts, in taste, in letters, in all those pursuits which give grace, elevation, and dignity to the human intellect and character.

Chicago must not follow Carthage, or Venice, or Liverpool, or Amsterdam, alone, as models; let her learn, also, from Alexandria, Athens, and Florence.

It is time, I think, that our local pride, of which, perhaps, we have a *quantum sufficit*, should adopt higher objects. It is time for a new advance.

We have boasted long enough of our grain-elevators, our railroads, our trade in wheat and lumber, our business palaces; let us now have libraries, galleries of art, scientific museums, noble architecture, and public parks, specimens of landscape gardening, and a local literature; otherwise there is danger that Chicago will become merely a place where ambitious young men will come to make money and achieve a fortune, and then go elsewhere to enjoy it. You must have culture, taste, beauty, art, literature, or

there is danger that our city will become a town of mere traders and money-getters; rude, unlettered, hard, sharp, and grasping. Let us sow the seed generously, and, even if we do not ourselves live to gather the fruit, those who shall hereafter reap the harvest will bless the sowers.

THE SEAT OF EMPIRE.

There is one other consideration to which I wish to allude, which adds vastly to the importance of our field of labor and the responsibility of those who are to shape the future of the great central regions of the Republic.

Early in the eighteenth century, while the British colonies were still feeble, and so near the sea that the roar of its waves were yet resounding in their ears, an English writer, in a fervor of prophetic inspiration, exclaimed:

> "Westward the course of empire takes its way,
> The four first acts already past,
> The fifth shall close the drama with the day;
> Time's noblest offspring is the last."

To-day it needs no prophecy to see that the "Star of Empire" will rest upon the great valley of the Mississippi. Here in this great central region of the Republic, *is to be*—perhaps, since the close of the great rebellion, it is not too much to say, *is already*—the seat of empire. It is a truth, which the world is learning to recognize, that the people of the great valley are likely to be broader and more national in their views, less sectional, perhaps less provincial, than their brethren east and south.

It is a curious fact, that the leading minds of the late war—those who controlled events in civil and military affairs—most of them originated and were trained in the West. Lincoln, the master spirit, the representative American of the age, drawing his great ideas from the region of which he was the outgrowth; Chase, who, as a financier, was not inferior to the younger Pitt; Stanton, the war minister, of whom it has been so often said, as it was of Carnot, "He organized victory;" Grant, the ever-victorious; Sherman, whose pen was as sharp as his sword; the dashing Sheridan, the equal of the ablest of Napoleon's marshals—all of them, except Chase, born and raised west of the Alleghanies; and the Minister of Finance came so early to the West that its influence is clearly marked in his character.

What is done here, then, in this great central city of the conti-

nent, this half-way house between the two oceans, is to influence, for good or evil, our whole country, from sea to sea. The responsibility of a vast future is upon us. We cannot escape it. "No personal significance or insignificance," in the language of our great representative man, "can relieve us from it." What we do, or leave undone, will tell over a vast area and upon an untold future for good or evil. Let us rise to the magnitude of our position and our duties. Let us make this hall the receptacle of all the treasures of the past; let us gather here all that there is in the way of man's past history, which may serve to aid, guide, and to enlighten in the difficulties of the future. Within these walls the merchant, the artisan, the statesman may come, away from the noisy world outside, and commune with the great spirits of all ages. Here the poets, the moralists, the orators, the law-givers, the philosophers, and statesmen of all ages and nations, may be consulted as guides and advisers. Here, especially, let us provide that every student of American history may follow our nation from its feeblest beginnings, through Indian, colonial, revolutionary, and progressive annals, down to and through the recent great drama of civil war; and doing this, we shall ourselves do something worthy of being remembered.

NOTE.

A correspondent of the Chicago *Tribune* having questioned the statement in the text that Mr. Lincoln ever served as a private in the Black-Hawk War, I annex the following letter from Capt. Elijah Iles:

SPRINGFIELD, ILL., *December 7, 1868.*

MR. I. N. ARNOLD—*Dear Sir:* I have yours, making the inquiry whether Mr. Lincoln was a member of my company in the Black-Hawk War, and the incidents of the campaign. In reply, I answer that he was a member of my company a portion of the time, before the close of the war, and received an honorable discharge. The incidents are about as follows: In the spring of 1832, Gov. Reynolds made a call for volunteers, which call was promptly answered. Mr. Lincoln was captain of one of the companies from Sangamon (as I am informed, but do not recollect). * * * * * The term of Governor Reynolds' first call being about to expire, he made a second call—the first was then disbanded. We then raised several companies from the disbanded troops, to remain and protect the frontier, until the new levies could be brought to the field. I was elected captain of one of the companies, without opposi-

tion. I had, as members of my company, General James D. Henry (candidate for sheriff), John T. Stuart, Achilles Morris, and *A. Lincoln* (candidates for State legislature). Stuart and Morris were elected, and Lincoln badly beaten. At the next regular election, Lincoln was elected by an overwhelming majority. At that election we had seven representatives and two senators, who, being all tall men, were dubbed the "long nine." Mr. Lincoln did us good service in aiding to procure the State Capitol at Springfield. A number of hardy young men from Sangamon county, together with several officers from disbanded companies of other counties, were in my company. I was proud of the men, and had confidence that I had a company that could be relied upon. We were mustered into the service on the 29th day of May, 1832, by *Robert Anderson*, Asst. Inspector General. Several of the companies were put on duty forthwith, to range so as to protect the frontier settlers. One of the captains, being more anxious than others to undertake a hazardous trip, was ordered to proceed to Dixon's Ferry, and report to Col. Z. Taylor (late *President Taylor*), who was stationed at Dixon's, with two companies of U. S. troops, and thence to Galena; but before the company got to Col. Taylor's station, Mr. Savre, the Indian agent, the mail carrier, and several others, were murdered, within twenty miles of Col. Taylor's quarters, and all communication cut off from Galena. On the arrival of the company at Dixon, Col. Taylor ordered the captain, who was a brave man, to proceed to Galena; but the men became frightened, and could not be controlled by their captain, and returned to headquarters at Ottawa, *helter-skelter*.

Up to this time, my company was held in camp as a reserve. Gen. Atkinson then called on me, and stated that he was exceedingly anxious to find out the whereabouts of the Indians, by the time the new levies would arrive; and wished to know how many in my company I could take, well mounted and well armed, and at what time I could be ready to march, on a trip to Dixon's Ferry, and to report to Col. Taylor for further orders. I said to the General that I could give him an answer within an hour. I then paraded my men, explained the matter, and found the men anxious for the trip; and within the hour I reported to the general that I had fifty men in my company, well mounted and well armed, and that we wanted one day to prepare for the trip. This was at night. The next day was a busy day with the boys—cleaning guns, running bullets, picking flints, etc., etc.; (we used the old flint lock at that day). Most of the company had doubled-barreled guns, and the U. S. officers furnished us with holster and belt pistols. We expected to have to fight our way from Dixon to Galena, and took no camp equipage or stores, other than a blanket, a tin cup, and a wallet of bread and bacon.

At Dixon, we found Col. Taylor entrenched on the north bank of the river. We encamped on the south bank for that night. I reported to him, and he said he wished me to proceed to Galena, and to call for my orders and rations, which would be prepared for us in the morning. Our rations consisted of bread, boiled ham, and bacon. My orders were, to proceed to Galena, collect and bury the remains of Savre and others who had been killed by the Indians, make a careful search for the signs of Indians, take the Gratiot road going and the Apple river road returning from Galena, find out, if possible, whether the Indians had crossed the road toward the Mississippi, below Galena, and to

gain all possible information at Galena of the whereabouts of the Indians. (I know Col. Taylor thought it a perilous trip for my small command.) John Dixon and a U. S. lieutenant named Harris accompanied us from Dixon's Ferry.

The first evening after we left Dixon our scouts came in under whip and reported a large number of Indians coming directly toward us. It was just at sunset, while we were at lunch, and from our position we could see them one and a half miles off. All eyes were turned to John Dixon, who, after they came over a hill into a valley out of sight, pronounced "Indians" (but they proved to be General Dodge's command of one hundred and fifty men on their way to find out what had become of General Atkinson and the troops under his command). I ordered the horses driven back to a valley out of sight, and paraded the company and stationed it in the bed of a dry ravine at the crossing of the road, which hid us from view until they could get within fifty yards of us. I then told General Henry to take command. His answer was, "*Stand to your post.*" He passed along the line talking to the men in a low, calm voice. Lieutenant Harris appeared much agitated; he ran up and down the line, but after seeing the effect of General Henry's talk to the men, whispered to me, "There is no danger, we can whip five hundred." Our arms were all re-primed, flints re-picked, and the holster pistols laid at our feet, when the advance of General Dodge's company, instead of Indians, got within fifty yards of us. Our men raised the yell and ran back to their lunch. One-third of the company was put on guard every night; the others slept on their arms, and were called up and drilled four or five times every night. The houses on our outward trip were vacated, and standing, but on our return were most all burned down. On our return to General Atkinson's headquarters, and on the arrival of the new troops, my company was mustered out by Lieutenant Robert Anderson. My company was again re-organized as a spy company, and Dr. Early elected Captain without opposition. *Mr. Lincoln remained with the company to the close of the war.* You ask for the incidents, and I have spun them out unreasonably.

Respectfully yours, etc.,

ELIJAH ILES.

Chicago Historical Society.

At a meeting of the Chicago Historical Society, July 11, 1877, Hon. I. N. Arnold, the President of the Society, read the following sketch of the late

COL. JOHN H. KINZIE,

which he received from Mrs. Gordon, and which it is understood was written by the late Mrs. Juliette A. Kinzie, his wife:

Col. John H. Kinzie was born at Sandwich, U. C., on the 7th of July, 1803. It was not by design that his birthplace was in the British Dominions, for his mother was patriotic beyond most of her sex; but having crossed the river from Detroit, the place of her temporary sojourn, to pass the day with her sister, Mrs. William Forsyth, it so happened that before evening her eldest son drew his first breath on a foreign soil. While still an infant he was carried in an Indian cradle, on the shoulders of a French "engage," to their home, at what is now the town of Bartram, on the St. Joseph River, in Michigan. At one of their encampments, on the journey, he made a narrow escape with his life, owing to the carelessness of his bearer in placing him against a tree in the immediate proximity of a blazing fire. A spark escaping, lodged in the neck of his dress, causing a fearful burn, of which he carried the mark ever after.

His father having purchased the trading establishment of Mons. Le Mai, at the mouth of the Chicago River, removed with his family to the place on the following year. Some companies of infantry, under command of Maj. John Whistler, arrived at the same time—4th of July—and commenced the construction of Fort Dearborn.

At his home, on the banks of the river, nearly opposite the fort, the childhood of Mr. Kinzie was passed, until the breaking out of the war of 1812.

The frontier at that day afforded no facilities for education. What children contrived to scramble into must be acquired under

the paternal roof. Mr. Kinzie loved to describe his delight upon one occasion, when on the opening of a chest of tea, among the stores brought by the annual schooner, a spelling-book was drawn forth and presented to him. His cousin, Robert Forsyth, at that time a member of his father's family, undertook to teach him to read, and, although there seems to have been but little patience and forbearance on the part of the young pedagogue to sweeten the task of learning, the exercises gave to the pupil a pleasant association with the fragrance of green tea, which always kept that spelling-book fresh in his mind.

A discharged soldier was upon one occasion engaged to take charge of him, along with the officer's children, but the teacher's habits of drunkenness and irregularity caused the school to be discontinued in less than three months.

His best friend in these days was Washington Whistler, a son of the commanding officer, in after years a distinguished civil engineer in his own country, and in the service of the Emperor of Russia.

AT THE TIME OF THE MASSACRE, IN 1812,

Kinzie was nine years of age. He preserved a distinct recollection of all the particulars that came under his own observation. The discipline of these thrilling events doubtless helped to form in him that fearlessness as well as that self-control which characterized his manly years. The circumstances of the massacre are familiar to all. When the troops left the garrison, some friendly chiefs, knowing what was in contemplation by their young men, who would not be restrained, took possession of the boat in which was Mrs. Kinzie and her children, and guarded them safely till the fighting was over. They were the next day escorted by the Chief "Robinson," and other friends, in their boat, to the St. Joseph River, to the home of Mme. Bertrand, a sister of the famous Chief To-pee-nee-bee-haw, whence, after a short sojourn, they were carried to Detroit, and delivered as prisoners of war to the British commanding officer, Col. McKee. The family, after the father rejoined them in the following winter, were established in the old family mansion, on the corner of Jefferson avenue and Wayne street, Detroit.

One of the saddest features of the ensuing winter was the spectacle of the suffering of the American prisoners, who were from time to time brought into headquarters by their Indian captors.

The tenderness of feeling, which was a distinguishing trait in the subject of this sketch, made him ever foremost in his efforts to bargain with the savages for the ransom of the sufferers, and many were thus rescued, and nursed, and cared for—sometimes to the salvation of their lives, though too often to merely a mitigation of the tortures they had undergone. Mr. Kinzie, Sr., had been paroled by Gen. Proctor, but upon a suspicion that he was in correspondence with Gen. Harrison, who was known to be meditating an attempt to recover the city of Detroit, he was seized and sent a prisoner to Canada, leaving his wife and young family to be cared for as they might, until, after the lapse of some months, the capture of the place by Gen. Harrison secured them a fast friend in that noble and excellent man.

The father was at length released and restored to his family, with one solitary shilling in his pocket. That little coin has always been carefully preserved by his descendants, as a memento of those troublous times. It so happened that in Detroit, as upon more remote frontiers, the advantages of education were extremely limited. The war had disarranged everything. During the four years' sojourn of the family in this place the children had occasional opportunities of beginning at a school which promised well, but which, as a general rule, was discontinued at the end of the first quarter. Amid such unpropitious circumstances were the rising generation at that day obliged to acquire what degree of learning they found it possible to attain.

In 1816, the Kinzie family

RETURNED TO THEIR DESOLATED HOME IN CHICAGO.

The bones of the murdered soldiers, who had fallen four years before, were still lying unburied where they had fallen. The troops who rebuilt the fort collected and interred these remains. The coffins which contained them were deposited near the bank of the river, which then had its outlet about at the foot of Madison street. The cutting through the sand-bar for the harbor caused the lake to encroach and wash away the earth, exposing the long range of coffins and their contents, which were afterwards cared for and reinterred by the civil authorities.

In the year 1818, when he was in his sixteenth year, Col. Kinzie was taken by his father to Mackinaw, to be indentured to the "American Fur Company," and placed under the care of Ramsey

Crooks, Esq., "to learn," as the articles express it, "the art and mystery of merchandising in all its various parts and branches."

This engagement was for five years, during which time he was never off the island, except upon one occasion, when he was taken by Mr. Robert Stewart, who succeeded Mr. Crooks at the head of the company, to visit the British officers at Drummond Island. He was never during this period at an evening entertainment, never saw "a show," except one representation by an indifferent company, who had strayed up the lakes, of some pantomimes and tricks of sleight of hand.

His days were passed, from 5 o'clock in the morning till tea-time, in the warehouse or in superintending the numerous engages, making up outfits for the Indian trade, or receiving the packs and commodities which arrived from time to time.

In the evening, he read aloud to his kind and excellent friend, Mrs. Stewart, who was unwearied in her efforts to supply the deficiencies which his unsettled and eventful life had made inevitable. To her explanations and judicious criticisms upon the books he read, and her patience in imparting knowledge from her own well-stored mind, he was indebted for the ambition which surmounted early disadvantages, and made him the equal of many whose youthful years have been trained in schools.

MR. STEWART WAS A SEVERE DISCIPLINARIAN.

He believed that the surest way to make of a clerk a systematic and methodical man of business was never to overlook the slightest departure from the prescribed routine of duty. Upon one occasion, young Kinzie, out of patience with the slow-dragging movements of a party of his employes, who were engaged in hauling wood in sledges across the straits from Bois Blank Island, took the reins from the hands of one, and drove across and returned with his load, to show the men how much more they could have accomplished if they had made the effort. Mr. Stewart's commendation was, "Ah, you have changed your occupation for that of hauling wood, have you! Very well, you can continue it;" and, as the young man was too proud to ask to be relieved, he actually drove the sledge and brought wood through the bitter winter till the ice gave way in May.

His chief recreations throughout this period were trapping silver-gray foxes during any chance leisure hour in the winter,

and learning to play on the violin, his instructress being a half-breed woman. In 1824, being still in the employ of the Fur Company, he was transferred from Mackinac to Prairie du Chien. He had made a visit to his parents on attaining his majority, and had returned to Mackinac in a small boat, coasting the western shore of Lake Michigan. He was the first white man who set foot on shore at Wau-kee-gan—at least since the days of the explorers.

While at Prairie du Chien, Mr. Kinzie learned the Winnebago language, and compiled a grammar, as far as such a task was practicable. The Ottawa, Pottawatomie, and Chippewa dialects, he had been familiar with from his childhood. He also learned the Sioux language, and, partially, that of the Sauks and Foxes.*

About this time, Col. Kinzie received

AN INVITATION FROM GEN. CASS,

then Governor of the Territory of Michigan, to become his private secretary, and in 1826, he escorted a deputation of Winnebagoes to Washington to visit their Great Father, the President. He was at the Treaty of "Butte des Morts" in the summer of 1827, and accompanied the Commissioner, Col. McKenny, to the Portage of the Fox and Wisconsin Rivers, to be present at the surrender of the "Red-Bird," a Winnebago chief, who, with his comrades, had been concerned in the murder of the Gaznier family at Prairie du Chien. Mr. Kinzie took a different view of the actual complicity of Red-Bird from what has been given to the public. His journal, kept at the time, is of great interest. He was called from his station, beside the military officer appointed to receive the prisoners, by Kau-ray-man-nee, the principal Chief of the nation, to stand beside him,

* John H. Kinzie and his brother Robert were by adoption "Brothers" of the Pottawatomie tribe of Indians; each could speak the language of this and several other tribes; and being unusually active, athletic men, they were skilful and expert in all Indian games, and especially in the Indian dances. It was a not uncommon amusement, in the early days of Chicago, for John and Robert Kinzie to dress in the Indian costume, and assisted often by Gurdon S. Hubbard, to amuse their friends by performing the Indian dances. The corn-planting dance was a very interesting pantomime; and it was the war-dance and the warwhoop, which they gave with startling effect, which startled the ladies, and often brought pallor to their cheeks, in our social gatherings in those early days.—*Hon. I. N. Arnold.*

and listen to what was said on both sides at this interview, and tell him whether his speech to the "Big Knives" and their reply to him were rightly interpreted.

During the time of his residence with Gen. Cass, who was by virtue of his appointment, also Superintendent of the Northern Division of the Indian Tribes, he was sent to the vicinity of Sandusky, to learn the language of the Wyandots, or Hurons, their manners and customs, legends, traditions, etc. Of this language he also compiled a grammar. The large amount of Indian lore which he collected in these various researches, were, of course, placed in the hands of his chief, Gen. Cass; and it is greatly to be regretted that, as far as can be ascertained, not a trace of it now remains extant.

MR. KINZIE RECEIVED THE APPOINTMENT OF AGENT

for the upper bands of the Winnebagoes in 1829, and fixed his residence at the portage, where Fort Winnebago was in that year constructed. In 1830, he married, and continued to reside among his red children—to whom he was, and is still proclaimed by the oppressed few who remain, a kind, judicious, and watchful "father." In 1833, the Kinzie family having established their pre-emption to the quarter section upon which the family mansion had stood since 1804, Col. Kinzie (such was then his title as aid to the Commander-in-Chief, Gov. Cass,) came with his brother-in-law, Gen. Hunter, to Chicago, and together they laid out that part of the town since known as Kinzie's Addition.

In 1834, he brought his family to Chicago to reside. He was the first President of the village, when a prediction of the present opulence and prosperity of the city would have seemed the wildest chimera.

He was appointed Collector of Tolls on the canal immediately on its completion.

In 1841, he was made Registrar of Public Lands by Gen. Harrison, but was removed by Tyler, when he laid aside the mask under which he gained the nomination for Vice-President.

In 1849, Gen. Taylor conferred upon him the appointment of Receiver of Public Moneys and Depositary.

His office of Collector he held until commissioned by President Lincoln as

PAYMASTER IN THE ARMY IN 1861.

The latter appointment he held until the close of the War.

His labors were vast and wearying, for he had the supervision of Michigan, Wisconsin, and Illinois; yet he was too conscientious, in the state of the public finances, to apply for more aid. During the four years he discharged this large amount of duty with the assistance of but a solitary clerk. It was too much for him; his health gave way. When a tardy leave of absence arrived, he set out with his family upon a journey, in hopes that mountain air or sea-bathing would recruit his exhausted forces. But he was destined to reach hardly the first stage of his journey. While riding in the cars approaching Pittsburgh, and conversing with his ordinary cheerfulness, he remarked a blind man approaching, and, perceiving that he was asking alms, he characteristically put his hand in his pocket. In the act, his head drooped gently, and with a peaceful sigh, his spirit departed to its rest.

NOTE FROM NELLY KINZIE GORDON.

Since the foregoing sketch was read, I have received a note from Mrs. Nelly Kinzie Gordon, daughter of John H. Kinzie, saying: "It (the sketch) was written by my mother, as you suppose. I note Mr. Hinkling's remarks as to Grandfather Kinzie's Indian name. The name was '*Shaw-nee-au-kee,*' which means '*The Silver Man;*' a name given to him, I have frequently heard father say, because *he paid the Indians in silver.* * * * I have the dictionary and grammar of the Winnebago language written by my father. If the Society would value it, I will send it to you. I value it, and shall always preserve it; but if it will be kept, and placed as a relic of old times, by the Historical Society, I will turn it over to them. Chicago has a right to all those old momentoes, and your Society will be the proper deposit for them."

Mr. Arnold adds the following notes:

JOHNSON *vs.* JONES.

On the 23rd of March, 1860, the trial of the case of W. S. Johnson vs. William Jones, began in the U. S. Circuit Court, before the Hon. Thomas Drummond. The trial involved the title to a large tract of land, lying north of the North Pier of the harbor of Chicago, being the *accretion* caused by the running of the piers into Lake Michigan. It became important to establish the exact location of the Lake shore, at the time when Kinzie's Addition to Chicago was laid out, platted, and recorded in February, 1833. Many of the early settlers of Chicago were examined as witnesses, and the volume of printed evidence will throw considerable light upon the early history of Chicago.

Among the persons whose testimony was taken were John A. Kinzie, Gurdon S. Hubbard, Geo. W. Snow, John Calhoun, Asa F. Bradley, Morgan Shepley, E. B. Talcott, Col. William Gamble, Geo. W. Dole, Gen. J. D. Webster, William Lill, Thomas Church, Walter Kimball, and others.

The counsel for the plaintiff were B. S. Morris and Isaac N. Arnold, assisted by John A. Wills. For the defendant—*Abraham Lincoln*, J. Young Scammon, Samuel W. Fuller, Van H. Higgins, and John Van Arman.

This was the last case tried by Mr. Lincoln, before his nomination for the Presidency in June, 1860.

John H. Kinzie was examined as a witness. To the question of Mr. Arnold, "How long have you resided in Chicago?" Mr. Lincoln interposed, saying, "I believe he is common law here; as one who dates back to the time whereof the memory of man runneth not to the contrary."

Kinzie, in answer, said: "I was brought here about fifty-six years ago, and I spent the early part of my life here up to 1812. I was away four years, and returned in 1816. I went away, and returned again in 1824. Went away that year, and returned in 1833, and have lived here ever since. My father's house stood near a great cottonwood tree, near the corner of Pine and North Water streets. That tree was cut down when John Wentworth was Mayor. I planted that tree in 1811. [See John Kinzie's testimony in pages 27, 28, etc.] The Chicago river bent and ran south from our house. After running south as far as Madison street, it emptied into Lake Michigan, opposite the end of Madison street. There was a piazza running the whole front of our house, looking south. Sitting there on this piazza, we could see the Indian canoes going down and into the Lake, opposite where Madison street now is."

THE KINZIE HOUSE.

The residence of John Kinzie, the father of Col. John H. Kinzie, was situated near the junction of Pine and North Water Sts. It was a picturesque cottage of wood, a fine sketch of which faces the title-page of the second edition of "WAU-BUN," a very graphic and extremely interesting pen-picture of the early days in the North-west, written by the late Mrs. John H. Kinzie.

In the early days, before Chicago existed as a town or city, and while it was a mere military and Indian trading-post, the grounds about the old Kinzie House, sloping gently toward the bank of the river, were covered with grass, and the broad piazza, looking South, was pleasantly shaded by four Lombardy

poplar trees; and in the rear was a large cottonwood tree, planted by John H. Kinzie, in 1811, and which remained standing until some time during the first Mayoralty of John Wentworth, when the growth of the city required, or was supposed to require, that it should be cut down.

Nearly opposite, across the river, stood Fort Dearborn, with its neat, well-whitewashed pickets of logs set in the ground; its barracks and officers' quarters built of hewn logs; its green parade, shaded in part by some fine, well-grown locust trees; and here, for many years, from the tall flag-staff, floated the national colors. This old fort, with its picturesque surroundings, the then clear waters of the Chicago River, a grove of scattered trees to the North, made up a scene which would contrast very strikingly with the great city which has arisen.

Mr. John H. Kinzie often recalled the beauty of the scene when the Indian canoe and the Mackinaw boat alone disturbed the waters of the Lake and River. I have heard him speak of the Kinzie family's being aroused, one bright morning in June, in perhaps the year 1832, by hearing from up the River the chorus of Moore's beautiful Canadian boat song, sung by a dozen voyageurs, and going to the piazza, he saw Gen. Lewis Cass and party coming rapidly down the stream in his Mackinaw boat. The landscape was then rural and lovely, Chicago a little hamlet, far away from civilization; and yet Col. Kinzie lived to see this hamlet changed to the home of nearly half a million of people.

ST. JAMES' CHURCH.

John H. Kinzie and Mrs. Juliette A. Kinzie, with Gurdon S. Hubbard, may be considered, more than any others, the founders of St. James' Church. Others aided and contributed, but the Kinzie family took the lead. The parish was organized in 1834, and on the 12th of October, 1834, Rev. Isaac W. Hallam arrived in Chicago, and took charge of the parish.

The first regular services were held in a room in a wooden building standing on the corner of Wolcott (now N. State) and Kinzie Streets, fitted up by Mr. Kinzie and others as a place of worship, and which afterwards, being used in the Presidential campaign of 1840, as a place for political meetings, was named "Tippecanoe Hall."

In 1835 or 1836, John H. Kinzie donated two lots on the south-east corner of Cass and Illinois Streets, as a site for the Church edifice, and in 1836-1837, a brick church was erected thereon. On the 26th of March, 1837, the body of the church was first occupied for public service. The entire cost of the church, exclusive of the organ, was $14,000. On the Monday following the first service, most of the seats and pews were sold at auction, and brought the sum of $13,862, which, with subscriptions and the proceeds of a fair, paid the cost of the church, and left a balance of $4,000, which was used towards the erection of a rectory. [*Most of the above facts I gather from a letter of the Rev. Isaac W. Hallam.*]

At the home of John H. Kinzie (standing on the n. e. cor. of Cass and Michigan Streets), the Bishops and clergy of the Diocese of Illinois were always welcome. The Venerable Bishop Chase always found there a home and a genial welcome. Indeed, the hospitality of the Kinzie family was proverbial all over the North-

West. In the reminiscences of Bishop Chase, published in two volumes, by James B. Dow, Boston, 1848, this family is spoken of. In a letter on p. 389, dated Monday, July 26, 1837, the good old Bishop says: "The consecration of *St. James' Church*, Chicago, took place yesterday, at half-past ten. The church was filled to overflowing, even before the Bishop met the wardens and vestry at the door. The Rev. Mr. Hallam read the morning prayers, and myself the anti-communion and sermon. Text: 'The Lord is in this place. This is none other than the House of God, and this the gate of heaven.' The whole number of communicants is now about thirty. 'I went to the Kinzies. Mrs. Magill, and all the young, and Mrs. K. were most attentive to my every want, etc."

Indeed, such was the prominence and activity of Mrs. John H. Kinzie, in the early days of the *Protestant Episcopal* Church of Illinois, that she was sometimes called "*The Female Bishop of Illinois.*"

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